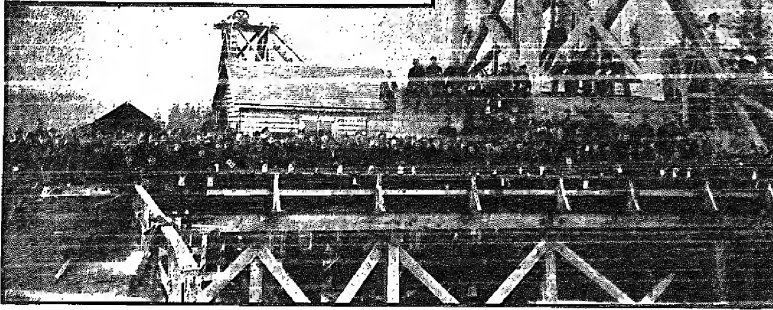


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For Thirty Pieces of Silver!

THE BLACK DIAMOND CITY. NANAIMO CORPS HISTORY.



A GROUP OF MINERS, at Protection Island Shaft, Nanaimo.

THE next officer, Captain Gordon, was assisted by Lieutenant (now Captain) Ella Constock. While they were in charge,

Staff-Captain Cox

and her A.D.C., visited Nanaimo, and an officers' council was held. Crowds attended the meetings, and this woman-warrior, who has been the means of blessing and helping thousands, won her way into the hearts of many who do not often come to the barracks.

The Hindoo march and meeting was an especial success, all the Coast officers taking part. God bless Staff-Captain Cox. Her visit will not soon be forgotten by the Nanaimo people.

Two more officers, who have done their share in helping along the Salvation war in this place, are our old friends, Lieutenants Collett and Gooding—the former now a Captain in London Division, Ontario, and the latter in now Captain Gooding, of Prince Albert.

The next officer in charge was Captain Sarah Smith, during whose stay the present S. A. barracks was built, and on February 12th, 1894, formally dedicated by Brigadier Murkett.

Captain Smith is noted wherever she goes for devising many original and unique special marches and meetings, whereby those people who are not "caught" by the ordinary methods may be lured to the meetings in the barracks. One night

A "Runaway" March

was arranged. After the open-air on the usual street corner, the Captain suddenly called out, "Everybody come," and the officers and soldiers started to run to the barracks one way, the bandmen, for their practice, in another.

No small commotion was caused on the main streets, and someone who saw them running immediately gave the alarm of fire. In a few minutes both fire bells were ringing, and crowds of people surrounded the barracks, supposing it to be on fire. The excitement was so great that some whose imaginative powers were extraordinarily strong, declared that they could smell the smoke, which of necessity must be somewhere in the building.

Of course it was a mistake, and placed the Salvationists in rather a ludicrous position, but the

"Nanaimo Free Press"

explained it fully afterwards. Though the city has seen two very large fires during the past year, we can thank God that our barracks has been preserved, and we pray that it will ever be permitted to remain as a place where sinners meet with Him, a pardoning Saviour.

After nearly a year of noble,

prayerful toil, Captain Smith fared well from Nanaimo for New Westminster, and was succeeded by Captain Emma Patton, of Victoria, with her assistant Lieutenant (now Captain) Ada Thomas. God wonderfully blessed and used these two during their stay in the city.

Several were converted, and the soldiers led into a higher standard of liberty and light.

After some months' fighting, the Captain's health, which had been failing, almost broke down, and she fared well for Minneapolis, where she is now on furlough.

Lieutenant Thomas was promoted to assist Adjutant Archibald at the District Headquarters, and Captain Corlett took charge.

She fought alone, until joined by Lieutenant Carroll, of Manitoba, who is still doing her best to help seek the lost, with the aid of Captain Maggie Cowan, at the time of writing, in charge. God bless them!

We must not omit mentioning a branch of work that is not only progressing, but the corps to-day is reaping the fruit of seeds sown in years gone by, viz.,

The Junior Soldiers' Brigade.

Not long after the formation of the corps, a work was begun amongst the children, which, under many different leaders, has grown and flourished. Of the number that have learned to love and serve Jesus at the little Junior meetings with pleasure state the fact that some are taking their stand as true soldiers.

Sister Annie Sage, one of our basic



FAMILIAR FACES in the career of the Nanaimo corps.

fighters whom God has saved and blessed, was transferred into the senior corps after being a Junior for some years, and our band-leader, Bessie Diamond, also started for heaven while young.

Another special line of work taken up here by the S. A. is the visiting of the hospital and jail. The corps is

A Veritable "League of Mercy"

in itself. Once a week, either officers



NANAIMO, from Bay View Hotel

or soldiers go laden with War Cry and words of cheer to those who are kept prisoners by sickness and disease, and many a loving word has been spoken for the Master which will bring forth fruit some day.

Every other Sunday morning the brass band, officers and soldiers march to the city jail and hold a red-hot salvation meeting amongst prisoners. Several sin-stained hearts have there found deliverance from Satan's chain.

The War Cry, here and everywhere else, are eagerly looked for, the Nanaimo people know how to appreciate good reading and S. A. publications are always welcomed by our friends. We look forward to the time when they will be seen in every home.

Roadside everywhere will have the of the warm-hearted reception. read the Nanaimo citizens gave our dear General on his visit to our city. We felt it a great honor to have him in our midst and look into his face, for possibly the only time in our corps history. One disadvantage that we have here is that owing to the great distance from Headquarters our dear General, Commandant and Mrs. Booth, cannot visit us as often as we would like, but a loyal and true-hearted welcome always awaits them here.

That it may be one whose influence in the cause of our God will ever increase, and whose fidelity will be the means of winning numberless souls for the Saviour's crown, is the prayer of each soldier.

JAMES SLACK.

Vancouver, B.C., Did a Special Thing.

KEEP OUT OF "RUTS"

We keep out of ruts and employ every lawful means to attract sinners to our meetings.

On Thursday night we presented the ten virgins. Five others dressed in white, and five in black, representing the wise and foolish, each carrying a lamp. The march caused a great sensation, attracting a tremendous crowd to our open-air stand. After songs and testimonies, we proceeded to the barracks, where, in spite of a ten cent charge at the door, we had a large and appreciative audience.



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Three last days of September,
And first of August, too,
Are now the Settled H.F. dates
The whole Dominion through.



SPOKANE Headquarters' Notes.

Oh, What a Change!

All our U. S. corps, two B. C. corps are furloughing. Ensign Edgcombe and Captain Minerva are appointed to the 1st. Capt. Ramsdell and Lieut. L. Helms, of Spokane, go to Victoria; Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester, Butte, to Spokane; Capt. McIndoe and Lieut. C. Ziebart, Helena, to Great Falls; Capt. and Mrs. Gillette, Great Falls, to Missoula; Capt. Miller goes to Nainai; and Capt. Cowan to Vancouver; Lieut. Quant to Nainai; Lieut. Anderson to Vancouver; Capt. Corlett to Butte, assisted by a Cadet.

Careering Round.

The Major has just had a trip to B. C., visiting all the corps, and returns via Kamloops, Revelstok, and Nelson, scouts these towns, and comes into Spokane over the G. F. & N. Railway, through the great mining district of the trail country.

65 Miles, Sir.

The Ensign spent Saturday and Sunday at Griffith's Corner outpost, at a camp meeting. About 50 or 60 soldiers were present, as well as that many sinners. Nineteen soldiers drove over 65 miles to be present. The meetings were held in a little grove on Crab Tree Creek, near Brother Lavender's ranch. It was a miracle where all the soldiers and people came from. It's a very dry, dusty and barren prairie country, and not a house within sight; still, we have a nice barracks all alone in the glory on the prairie, with a good number of soldiers in that vicinity.

"Do as You are Told and Don't Argue."

The work has had a set-back thro' the evil of arguing doctrines, and the proper overlooking of the outpost, by suitable officers. But still they are a live concern, and should be on the feet after sinners and Satan red hot. Two got saved, and five sought, and we believe, found a closer walk with God. One mother who had come from a mission, cried and laughed for joy when her boy got saved.

Hurrah! Mein Deutcher Bruder.

A German brother and his wife were a whole team. He testified usually three or four times in every meeting, and prayed in his own language like a steam windmill. He rejoices in having his German name translated in English to be Panacea.

Good for the Osbornes.

It was quite touching to see the two Osborne brothers link arm and sing together; and more so when their father stepped up and put his arms around them, and said, "These are my two beloved sons, in whom I am well pleased."

"With Both Feet now."

A saved cowboy, and a bartender, and a man who used to be a crack jumper for the devil, all pitched in, knowing the devil, drinking the waters of life, and jumping on the devil with both feet. Brother Sinclair and wife, formerly a newspaper editor, are proper warriors. Mrs. S. read the lesson and he testified three or four times in one meeting.

All Hail.

Bro. Bradley, an old timer from way back, who has been the parson of the district around Hartline, was all played out, and could only speak with great hoarseness. He's an old war horse and loves the fight. Though we had great odds against us, we all got a big hit in our souls, and went home feeling in great gloe.

30 Pieces of Silver!

Chink!
Chink!!!
Chink!!!
... Oh, horror!

The infernal echo of the sound of those thirty pieces of blood-money must be ringing deep into his poor soul to-day.

To turn a deaf ear to the last sweet wooing of grace—to reject the Source of goodness—to quench the Spirit's striving—to put out the inward Light, leaving blank darkness—to lay the temple of the soul open to the Ghaour of Hell—to go down, a naked spirit, into the desolation of Eternal Despair—to feel the frown of Omnipotent Love towards inveterate Sin, must be profoundly awful! Who CAN imagine the writhing anguish of eternal, self-chosen Sin in the full-felt presence of the transcendent and infinite holiness of the Omnipotent Jehovah? Oh! dire, dread doom, unutterably awful to any lost soul, but still more awful to the man who, after having accompanied with the incomparable Life, turned coquetishly to embrace the rank skeleton of eternal apostasy—seeking his Redeemer for THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER!

Come up from the utter darkness, oh, thou lost man! Speak, from the flames of unquenchable fire—as would have done Dives—And when thy brethren of the human race; and specially protest, from thy winding sheet of dripping flame, against the sheer madness of those who are imperilling their eternal interests for the like of thy paltry THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

Ah! what is it thou sayest, le-carrot?
Thou wert once sincere—trusted? Once dented self—took up thy cross—followed Jesus—sought His interests—ran well—forsook a mercenary, self-centred existence to lay up treasures in Heaven—wert candidate and accepted for Apostleship? How then is it thou didst dive to the deep depths of perfidious treachery, even to touching that man Cheek with the assumed kins of former communion? Think what privilege was thine. Thou didst dwell in the light of Heaven's Brightest Jewel. Thou didst gaze at the Very Excellence of the moral law in human form. Thou didst snp with the Lord of Heaven and Earth—and thou knewest it was so, though His mysterious Personality was hidden under the form of a mere man. Why didst THOU betray Him?

Some vowed they could now be out-and-outers among their friends where before they had been shy.
May God bless all the dear soldiers of the Big Bond Country and Griffith's Corner. We must send a shepherd to look after you! We should have some candidates from Hartline and Voorhees soon.

The Ensign is endeavoring to organize another edition of "Shea's Army" at Spokane. You'll hear our sweet music soon.

A SWARM OF FLIES.

Fly from self, and fly from sin,
Fly the world's tumultuous din;
Fly its pleasures, fly its cares,
Fly its friendships, fly its snares.
Fly the sinner's hastening doom,
Fly and 'scape the wrath to come.
Fly to Jesus—He's the road—
Fly through Him alone to God.
Fly to mercy's gracious seat,
Fly, fly sorrow's last retreat;
Fly, fly Christ, in deepest grief,
Fly, and you shall find relief.
Fly, and let your wings be love,
Fly, and stretch your flight above;
Fly while life and grace are given,
Fly from hell and fly to Heaven.
—English Cry.

Was it SO?

Communism waned—secret prayer relaxed—the holy truth from God in the Scriptures neglected—eyes once fixed on Jesus taken off—old fire of love dying—furtive glances at worldly enjoyments—the desire for them growing—ambitions again centering in Self—the fighting against Conscience—the deliberate rejection of the Spirit's voice—the set purpose to drop Him and His and feed Self—the deceiving thought that even He could be minister to your own base passion, for He would soon exert His power to free Himself—then the dark thought cherished—planned—fully carried out—then —

Reader of the above, I solemnly appeal to you in the name of the Most High God, search out the nature of your standing before God. WHERE ART THOU?

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Are you founded there? Is all your hope for time and eternity taken completely off position, rank, name, prayers, sacraments, forms, men, organizations, titles, human merit, will, effort, works, yea, of all but Him, and are you absolutely and forever committed to Christ as All and in All in your salvation?

Again, is that commitment attested to your mind being by the presence of a new Divine nature, all love, imparted to you by the Spirit of God, making love—Divine love—the source of all your outward life and action? And is the effect of that new nature exhibited to others in your departure from sinfulness, your fixed, unalterable purpose to do the will of God and an actually Divine life, patterned after that of Christ, lived before their very eyes?

Suffer the word of exhortation wine we seek again, IS IT SO WITH YOU?

—If not, beloved, thank God for you the die is not cast. You, certainly, are on the acting side of eternity. "Seek ye the Lord," seek, rest, all you see your every sin on your mind, and for you, thro' His sacrifice at Calvary, salvation and life everlasting freely provided.

If you fail to seek Him, there may yet sound thro' your lost soul the terrible, clanging echo of those material things for which you bartered your eternal interests, telling to your unwilling ears the story of your folly while the ages of eternity roll.

JOHN COMPLIN.

HARRY NOKES IN JAIL.

A U. S. Army Deserter Gets Saved at Butte and Surrenders at Missoula.

Missoula, July 16, 1895.

To Major Friedrich, Spokane.

By the time you get this letter I will be behind the bars. I will be in prison here at the U. S. Army post, four miles from town. . . I know I am going to have some hard fights while I am here, but I have God with me, and my cross seems to be easy already. I feel like a new man now. I will send you my past life as soon as I get time. Give my best regards to Ensign Shea. I will have to close. Remember me in your prayers. Good-bye!

HARRY NOKES.

This comrade is the fellow mentioned in a former Cry, whom Lieut. Lester sold a Cry to in a dive at Butte, with his face blackened to represent a negro. He has given good evidence of conversion, and has lived a changed life for some time. God bless him! Pray for him, that he may be kept white in "duration vile."

HARVEST FESTIVAL NOTES.

TO THE PROVINCIALS—THREE PROVINCES TO FIGHT ONE ANOTHER—WHO COMES OUT TOP? MAJOR FRIEDRICH WATCHES MAJOR BENNETT—TARGET OF 11,000 FOR THE DOMINION.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

I hope every Salvationist read the few notes and hints which were printed in last week's Cry, and that they will also take a careful look at the notes in this issue, not forgetting those relating to Harvest Festival. The targets have been sent to each of the Provincial Secretaries, and if each Province hits its target the sum of \$11,000 will be raised, and a triumphant "halloo!" will rise to Heaven from the victors.

Perhaps it would be wise to give readers an idea of what the Provinces did last year, and in looking over the figures I find that they are as follows:

Western Province . . .	\$1956.46
Eastern Province . . .	1315.24
East Ontario	1262.92
West Ontario	1121.43
Central Ontario	927.78
Newfoundland	70.40
Total	\$71,088

Seeing the hardness of the fight in Newfoundland last year, and the terrible financial crisis all over the Island, it seemed impossible to raise much last year, but actually if Major Morris and his comrades didn't raise the magnificent sum of \$526.10, and now Major Sharp and his desperados have set their target at \$700. What a lucky crew they are! And from personal experience I believe they can do it.

Say, Major Bennett, can you raise \$2,000 this year? Major Friedrich surely the Pacific Province should also do \$2,000! But I tell you what, I will stand by the Province all the time.

Then the Eastern comrades really ought to do \$1,600, while the West Ontario Province and the East Ontario Province should do the same. Now for a fight between Brigadier Scott, Brigadier Margetta, and Major Morris. Then I should say that Major Howell's Province should do \$1,600, and why not \$1,600, and thus keep up among the big lights in Harvest Festival matters?

Of course we all remember the coronation of Brigadier Scott last year, and also have not forgotten his triumphant victory, but he will do well to remember that Major Morris has taken the Bridge of Brigadier Scott's old ship, and of course he will steer for the harbor and keep up her name as a fast sailer.

As far as the West is concerned, the old Western Province is, of course, now split into two, and it must be remembered that last year the B.C. district alone did the enormous sum of \$925.85, but to this has been added several corps the other side of the border, and I should not be surprised if Major Friedrich takes top place. At any rate, the Western Province and the Pacific Province have the same target. Last year the Western Province raised \$1,030.61, but then several corps have been opened since then, and no doubt Major Bennett, with all the new blood added of late, will go for the worst, and he and Major Friedrich will have a close race.

With these few hints and suggestions to the brave Provincial Secretaries, I finish until next week, when it will be my joy to open out a few particulars of victories and past successes in connection with the gallant district officials, and remember, ye brave Provincial Secretaries, that if you reach your allotted target the magnificent sum of \$11,000 will be raised during the Harvest Festival days.

NOTE: Brigadier Scott has decided to postpone his Harvest Festival date two weeks later. Eastern people kindly note this.

A Harvest Festival Pictorial Reminder.



The Commandant and the Financial Secretary in some quarters discussing, arranging and agreeing to H. F. matters miscellaneous.

General Secretary's Notes

IN A GENERAL KIND OF A WAY I have noticed a few changes this past week. Others may have taken place which I have not seen. For full particulars of them see other parts of the War Cry.

I SAW Captain Byers on College street, and learned that he has just arrived to take charge of Lippincott Street. We bid him welcome to Toronto, and pray that he may be used in the salvation of hundreds of souls.

CAPT. HENSLER arrived a little later, and takes charge of Ligar Street. Others are coming into Toronto at other corps. Oh, for a move in Toronto, a shaking among the dry bones, anyidng rather than stagnation!

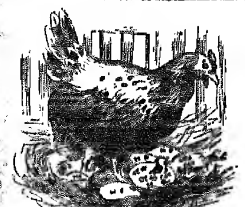
HARVEST FESTIVAL, don't forget it! "Butcher dry weather this year," I fancy I hear some one saying. Yes, it has been dry; the great question is how to get sufficient rain each year. I would strongly advise that you did a little extra this year for Harvest Festival. Give it a trial and see how it works.

IT IS NO USE going about the business in a heartless way. Our gifts to the Lord must not be measured by the opinions of the people. How would it do to sit down, think, and ponder over the sufferings of Jesus in the garden, before Pilate, and on the cross, and then say, "How much ought I to give in view of that sacrifice?"

MAJOR COLLIER has just called in. The Social Staff were at Oakville Saturday and Sunday, and report a stiff fight. Arrived in Toronto 4 p. m. Monday.

ENSLIGN FOX has taken hold of London Shetler, and details a few difficulties, but has great faith for the future. Mrs. Fox has got initiated into the work by going out collecting.

STAFF-CAPT. McMILLAN is rushing ahead, trying to clear Joe Beef 1st. He has still some more to do, so that you need not be afraid to send a donation.



Sketching out new ideas for the H. F. Scheme of Doubtless the "chickens" will take all over this.

HALIFAX SHELTER is doing well. They have some latitudes to meet. They are going at them in proper style. Help them all you can. The winter will soon be coming on, when the Shelter will again be crowded to the door.

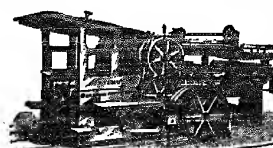
GOOD FOR VICTORIA! Major Collier makes a startling announcement. Captain Shetler has more than doubled their beds and meals in the second month after opening.

EASTERN FIRE

BY BRIGADIER SCOTT.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—My last notes (dated at Annapolis. In an hour or so I shall be off to DIGBY for the week-end camp meetings. How about the War Cry, comrades? Who is going to be the Eastern champion? Who is going to head the list in street sales? Who is going to take the prize for the most successful War Cry Brigade? Expectations run high for successful work in this direction. With might and main, and a gigantic pull altogether we shall win, and achieve a glorious success.

It is going to be a tight run between FREDERICTON and HALIFAX. What does Ensign Gage say, with all that crowd of folks around him and a beautiful brass band? Will the Celestial City leave him in the dark; and what does Capt. Gamble say? True, she cannot get around on a bicycle like her predecessor, Capt. Byers, nevertheless, she is not going to let Halifax lead the way. With those soldiers and past victories they are going to fight hard to keep the championship of the East.



Our process were kept busy for days in printing the matter for H. F.

What about YARMOUTH and NEW GLASGOW? Ensign Des Belay had better look out for the leader of the New Glasgows. Already they are on the rise, and the signs of the times are all. This is going to be a keen contest. There is only one of a difference, and Yarmouth leads the way. Women again. Now, Ensign Alward, come on, old boy, to the front, your place is there.

CHARLOTTETOWN had better look out; their neighbor, MONCTON, is hard after them. Just a few more War Cry, Ensign and Mrs. Bradley, and you will be on a par with the leader of the league. Moncton folks can do a good thing when they set their minds to it. Now we shall see who is going to win. Of course, I know this will touch the dignity of the Charlottetownites, but then if they get left they can't help but feel they had plenty of warning. Still, I would not wonder but what Charlottetown will give New Glasgow a tight run yet. Don't be surprised, Alward.

Here comes WINDSOR. Sicknews has kept them back a great deal. It will be as well for CHARLOTTETOWN and other corps to be on the lookout. Windsor is not so easily beaten, and, with all the chances there are, we may expect some one to take a back seat in the circulation of the War Cry. More power to your arm, Ensign Watson, and more glory to your work.

What about SPRING HILL and CHATHAM? Who has not heard of Spring Hill, and who does not love the Army? Still, the summer time is the harvest for Chatham, and now with Capt. Johnson to help Ensign Matthews, Spring Hill had better look out. Then, again, there is our beloved

comrade whose namesake, David, accomplished a wonderful feat some time ago. Cherished by that event, and encouraged by all around him, we may expect Ensign Creighton to rise and shine, and shout, and sing, and boom away with the Cry.

ST. JOHN CITY is doing well. For a city, they lead the way in the East. For an individual corps, FREDERICTON leads the way. Then what about other places? Special mention should be made of Amherst, Truro, Bear River, Westville, Annapolis, Liverpool and La Reche, who have most enthusiastically taken up the War Cry question, and are going ahead with their sales, booming their right along. Other corps are coming into line. Organization and system are helping to accomplish great things with the War Cry.

Three cheers for all soldiers who spend time and strength in War Cry selling, on the streets, from door to door, shop to shop, and all over. God bless you, comrades. Congratulations to all War Cry Brigades, officers, and everyone that's booming the War Cry. Boom on, and boom for all you're worth.

If the desire is only created, more War Cry will be sold. How can this be done? The following may help us.

First, get out A BILL OF CONTENTS. Who cannot use paint and brush? and with a sheet of paper some striking headings could be put out describing the contents of the War Cry. These should be posted in the most conspicuous places.

Second, to announce them well from the platform, taking time to mention the writers of various articles, the illustrations, songs, reports, etc., etc.

Third, read and REPORT FOR IT YOURSELF. Officers and soldiers can do this. A good many striking incidents would be brought to the War Cry, and all add to its interest.

Fourth, solicit THE CUSTOM OF WORKMATES, companions, neighbors, and friends. Some people never buy because they are never asked. How many soldiers can take three War Cry, or six, and twelve, and dispose of them each week, which would all help the circulation?

Fifth, friends and congregations will generally give a collection for War Cry to the CENTRAL HOSPITALS, GAOLS, ETC. This will be another help to us and increase the interest.

Sixth, each soldier should have their War Cry. The platform will be an encouragement to the audience, and a great reward for an officer to ask them to buy.



With joyful heart and willing hands the packages of H. F. matter are carried from the printing office to the express for transportation to the depot, from whence they will be sent east, west, north and south.

Seventh, could not some soldiers undertake to sell the War Cry in the villages around the corps, and thereby get the paper distributed all over the country? Remember, it is salvation through and through, and all for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

These notes are written rather hurriedly, but will, I trust, do good, and be an encouragement in this matter. Other thoughts and ideas will suggest themselves to officers for booming the Cry. Launch out, comrades, and make the War Cry in the East one of the greatest successes on record.

KINMOUNT CIRCLE.—We find Kinmount a very good place for open-air work. Good crowds, and they listen attentively. Now, No. 11 Brigade.—The people love the Army, and there is the spirit of unity and Christian love. More faith and preaching power will bring victory here. Co-broker—Meeting here every Monday night for the open-air work. The people are glad to have the Army there, and help us with the collection.—Capt. S. Finney and Lieut. D. Douthwaite.



What wonder that the railway officials should be surprised? It is a long time since he has received such a lot of stuff from Albert Street. Any, what- ever can these letters, "H. F." mean? The expression, as he rolls them in soon explodes matters and all is well. No doubt these railway officials will help us.



PROMOTIONS

Lieutenant Wm. Orr, Morden, to be Captain. Lieutenant Barker, Ligar St. corps, to be Captain. Lieutenant Wilson, Paymouth, to be Captain. Lieutenant McKay, Light, N.S., to be Captain. Cadet McLeod, Yarmouth T.G., to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS

Captain Orr to take charge. Captain Barker, to take charge of Whiting corps. Captain Wilson, to take charge of Spring Hill Corps. Captain McKay to take charge of Kentville. Lieutenant McLeod to assist at Halifax H. HENRY H. BROWN, Commandant.

A BIG GO-FOUR SOULS.

WARTON.—Had a festival on Monday, beautiful time. Ensign Green, assisted by Capt. Harrison and McLeod, and wife, who all worked nobly, and were rewarded at close of programme by FOUR souls.—Capt. V. Cremer.

A SISTER BROUGHT IN.

TRURO.—The meetings were good all the week. Good crowds at our open-air, and the power of God. The officers and soldiers are in for victory. Friday night A SISTER found pardon.—Robt. H. Phinney, S. C., for Capt. E. Allen.

A SPECIAL DAY.

HALIFAX I.—We had Capt. Rayner and Lieut. McLeod, of No. 11 Corps, with us all day Sunday, and also Ensign McDonald, who is to take charge of the Rescue Home in this city. The soul sought salvation in the night meeting. We are having blessed meetings in the open air.—Sgt. Major Caslin.

WYOMING.—Another farewell. This time Capt. Comstock, who has been here nearly five months. Last Sunday week we had an enrolment. One of the two who were sworn in had been a member of a Baptist church for some years, but after watching the Army for some time, came to the conclusion that God wanted him to join them and accordingly gave his name as a recruit. Look out for a candidate from Wyoming before long.—Bro. Craig, the third, for Capt. Comstock.



The H. F. matter arrived at the corps post. The meeting is going on. The Sergeant has a prospect of getting in carrying it from the depot to the barracks, but the Captain is glad, as it gives him so opportunity to show a sample of the letters, the completed card of soldiers and friends. God send the Harvest Festival!

FROM THE GENERAL, Concerning Himself.

I want my comrades to unite with me in thanksgiving to the God of Providence and Grace for restoring me to health and vigor to so large an extent. To be only partially laid aside from the fight — for, through mercy, while incapacitated for public work, I have not, for a single day, been compelled to cease laboring with brain and pen—would be a painful ordeal to any true Salvationist, and I need not say that it has been no easy task for your General. However, I thank God for the great improvement I now realize, and for the good hope I have of being myself again in a few days. Now, my whole being cries out for power, and wisdom, and strength, to make up for lost time, and to effectually fill the programme that lies before me.

Comrades, I am sure you will pray for me.

"WHO KILLED JESUS?"

By THE COMMANDANT.

NEXT WEEK!



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

THE GENERAL.

Thank God, our veteran leader is again at the front of the fight. Although forested by physical weakness to stay from an odd meeting occasionally, he refuses to give in, mans the bridge, and faces the fight in the most determined manner. The passion for souls apparently burns within him like the electric flame in the carbon, compelling him to sacrifice himself for his Lord and "the sheep for whom He died." Prayer on the General's behalf is especially desirable now.

—O—

ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE.

Harry Nokes, military deserter, now a Salvationist, although behind prison bars at Missoula, is a trophy of grace and a cause for thankfulness and encouragement to those whose all has been thrown into the Army's enthusiastic effort to save men. An even more striking instance is that of Elijah Brown, who, after a career of burglary, and effecting an escape from the Kansas Penitentiary, got saved at the Seattle corps penitentiary, within a few days confessed his crimes to the editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and waited re-argued.

These things prove how real is the work being done, and as Mrs. Wilson, a Buffalo lady to whom we recently restored some stolen property, remarked, "inspire us with new confidence in the Holy Ghost that He allows no man to get away from sin except on Bible conditions."

A Past Which Cannot be Undone.

Thanks be unto God for the thou-



Capt. Miller. Lieut. Ryan. Capt. Clarke. Capt. Gamble. Sergt. Mrs. Lane. Lieut. McIntyre. Capt. Campbell. Capt. Edwards. Sergt. Mrs. Jamison. Ensign Coombs. Capt. Johnstone. Capt. Carter. Lieut. Matheson. Lieut. Clarke. Lieut. McPherson.

This is a short account of each member of the band. We have held meetings at all the city corps, and God has blessed us very much; the uniform has been a great attraction.

1. CAPT. MILLER was saved in an Army meeting at Springhill Mines, nearly seven years ago; came into the field as an officer five years ago, has been stationed as Cadet at St. Andrew's, Lieutenant at Digby, Lawrence, Bridgetown, Waterville, Halifax III, Carleton, St. John I, Hillsboro', Captain at St. Stephen, Charlottetown, Sackville, Sussex, and St. John III, where God is giving him victory.

2. LIEUT. RYAN was saved at her home in Annapolis five years ago, sanctified in an Army meeting, fought as a soldier until six months ago, entered the Yarmouth P. Co. then came as Lieutenant to Carleton.

3. CAPT. CLARKE was saved in an Army meeting in Bonaville, N.B., over eight years ago. Has spent four years fighting as an officer, and to-day loves the S. A. war, and delights to work for souls.

4. CAPT. GAMBLE is an old warrior. Was saved eight years ago in the S. A. Summerside, P. E. I. Has spent seven years as an officer, and now takes Fredericton. God has

blessed the work, and the Captain is determined for victory.

5. SERGT. MRS. LANE—Saved at St. John I about nine years ago, has fought for God in the Army ever since. Many hearts have been cheered and blessed by her solos.

6. LIEUT. MCINTYRE was saved in Stellarton, at the Army penitentiary seventeen months ago. After fighting as a soldier for a short time, he entered the T. G., and from there he came Lieutenant to St. John I. The Lieutenant has spent seven years and a half of his life down in the coal mines.

7. CAPT. CAMPBELL is another old warrior. Was one of the first converts at St. John I, N.B. Has spent seven years working for souls, and God has given her success. The Captain is full of fight still.

8. CAPT. EDWARDS gave his heart and life to God in an Army meeting seven years ago. Has spent six years as an officer. Is now cashier at St. John.

9. SERGT. MRS. JAMIESON, saved in the S. A. Westville, N.S., six years ago, has fought as a soldier, and for a short time as an officer. She is now a local officer at St. John V.

10. ENSIGN COOMBS was saved in an Army meeting 11 years ago at Bradford, Ont., fought as a soldier

nearly two years, then came into the field. Now in charge of St. John, N. B. District.

11. CAPT. JOHNSTONE. Who is there in the East that does not know the Captain? She was saved at Halifax I ten years ago, one of the first converts, and has spent eight years as an officer. She is now at Chatham, N.B.

12. CAPT. CARTER was saved nearly six years ago at Holloway II, London, England. Went through the T. G. Came to Canada with the new Canadians, and came to St. John with Ensign Coombs, where he is fighting to-day as a true soldier for Jesus.

13. LIEUT. MATHESON, six years ago knelt at the cross, fought as a soldier until six months ago, then entered the T. G. Came to St. John III with Capt. Clarke.

14. LIEUT. CLARKE, saved at Carleton, N.B., four years ago. Has fought as an officer in the following places: St. John II, Hunt, Harlow, Seal Cove, Stellarton, N.S., Fairville, and now goes to North Head.

15. LIEUT. McPHERSON was saved at Stellarton, N.S., two years ago. Went through the Fredericton T. G. as Cadet, present Lieutenant, and came to St. John III with Capt. Miller.

ONE OF THE BAND.

stands who are dragged from the maelstrom of iniquity after this fashion every year through the Army's instrumentality, but—there is another aspect to this subject. Sin is reproductive, and, though the likes of the men referred to above be reformed and saved, there are the penitential influences of their past life projected in ever-widening circles, perpetuating their moral misadventure through the receptive characters of the young of our country, for let it not be forgotten by every person who cares for "God, and Home, and Native Land," that running hither and thither amongst the boys and girls of to-day are those who a few years hence will fill the newspapers with the ghastly details of their crimes and occupy the murderers' cells in our prisons.

In view of this unpleasant fact in the social life of the nation, it is evidently a first duty of every Chris-

tian, of every patriot, indeed, of every person who has any conception of the responsibilities of life, to seek by all means the regeneration and proper training of the children.

The Junior War.

Now what are we, officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, doing on the preventive side of this war? We who admit that we are commissioned of Heaven to evangelize the poor and drag the depths of every earthly hell for perishing men, what are we doing to stop the population of those very places which now call the loudest for our help? We admit that much is being done, that the influence of our STREET CORNER WORK on the children is rather than usually realized, but what are we doing towards saving and making into Salvation Army warriors—saviors of others—the children of to-day? When the Army seriously sets to work it can do it; the children's work in Britain, with a "Young Soldier"

weekly circulation of over a hundred thousand, is proof of this. Have we in Canada set to work seriously to save and train the children? Undoubtedly, there ought to be a rally here. What is that you say? "There SHALL be!" We say, "Amen!" Salvation for the children! "And Jesus took them up in His arms, and blessed them." Let us lay our hands upon them, and bless them by bringing them to Jesus.

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HONOR ROLL. Unavoidably dropped. Great regrets and many apologies from Editor. Re-commence next week.

—O—

"The Ram's Horn," which will deliver its name, has in its issue for July 27 a capital cut of Commander Battling Booth, and a very appreciative, though brief, sketch of him. The Commander also contributes to that paper a stirring article on the Salvation Army, under the very proper heading, "A Modern Miracle." The article occupies nearly two pages of the Ram's Horn.



TERR

Faithful, There

Major Jewer, who knew of all who had gone to the "ill we meet" we cheerfully and his greatly pleased as we are tempted to lose in the departure and officer, who was her who could least our thoughts travel on, whose loss is great and sad. We dear Mrs. Jewer a little ones, we reflect, sad as is the truth of the one who is soldier still in its other that is "left." ter comrade, so re- to the love and com- ful husband, no wor- just now as that we for us to do all that it of the sting and truly heart what ink of human kind. Among all objects for all candidates for our Jewer stands forth moment; these pray God on her behalf, an shall, without doubt And what shall I do for Jewer? Better to pay him than to word I have just n as name. Chief am- bles of our amicitia. He was a sol, and because of Jewer the Trustee. beyond the sound of beyond the marriage even, we can say o will what his condit our heart's desire. half year he was an- ing that time he has I have heard or ex- his leaders an ex- Through all the Arm -days of sore trial giving-Jewer alway the organization he elsewhere he delight- to his fidelity was He always had the f on the bright side of in consequence impar- fidence wherever he stood at the thresh- or sorer road to be, an- fidence than he, an- standing it all, he is It seems impossible truth but one more truth which declares as hour "as ye thal-

Two Top Mes

This is the last tea- which will serve as ritual facts, pure a- into they have larg- purpose of recording- out in the field of st- Northwestern Ameri- an very well while o- of the foremost terr- by located under my- participate of work- within the limits of- trunk. Now things a- demands for that ex- economy have been- strongest, and the wo- use of a chief and g- at the entire reader- on the one hand for- of the immediate re-



TERRESTRIAL COMMENTS.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Faithful, Therefore Trusted.

Major Jewer, the beloved of all who knew him, the trusted of all who confided in him, has gone to the Better Land, and "all we meet" we must wait for his cheery smile and the continuation of his greatly prized fellowship. Much as we are tempted to lament our own loss in the departure of a comrade and officer, who was among the number who could least of all be spared, our thoughts travel to the widowed one, whose loss is immeasurably great and sad. When we remember dear Mrs. Jewer and her fatherless little ones, we reflect with Lowell, that, and as in the Scripture when it tells of the one that is "taken," it is sadder still in its reference to the other that is "left." To our dear sister comrade, so recently introduced to the love and consolation of a faithful husband, no word is so significant for us as that word "left." It is for us to do all that in us lies to rob it of its sting and to bring to the lonely heart what nourishment the milk of human kindness can afford. Among all objects for our prayer and all candidates for our sympathy, Mrs. Jewer stands foremost in this dark moment; these prayers shall go to God on her behalf, and that sympathy shall, without doubt, be accorded.

And what shall I say of dear, faithful Jewer? Better tribute I could not pay him than by the preface of the word I have just now placed before his name. Chief among all characteristics of our amiable comrade was his fidelity. He was Jewer the Faithful, and because of that he was Jewer the Trusted. Now he is gone beyond the sound of human voice, and beyond the marriage of human influence, we can say of him what we will, what his conduct deserves, and our heart's desire. For eight and a half years he was an officer, and during that time has been, so far as I have heard or experienced, caused his leaders an anxious thought. Through all the Army's darkest days—days of sore trial and strange misting—Jewer always stood clear for the organization he loved and the shepherd to be delighted to trust. Next to his fidelity was his cheerfulness. He always had the faculty of looking on the bright side of everything, and in consequence imparted a cheery influence wherever he went. Few men stood at the threshold of a quaker or surer road to influence and usefulness than he, and yet, notwithstanding it all, he is gone!

It seems impossible, but it is nevertheless true, that the evidence of the truth which declares that it is such an hour "as ye think not,"

Two Top Men to Write.

This is the last issue of these notes which will serve as a record of territorial news, pure and simple. Hitherto they have largely served the purpose of recording events of interest in the field of the Dominion and Northwestern America. That was all very well while the Headquarters of the northernmost territory was largely located under my hat, and its departments of work chiefly deposited within the limits of my travelling trunk. Now things are changed. The demands for that extreme and rigid economy have been somewhat less stringent, and the necessity and presence of a chief and general secretary at the centre renders it less possible at the one hand for me to keep track of the immediate occurrences of the

campaign, and on the other, the more desirable that the field should benefit by the literary capacities of my worthy, right-hand man. Hence the resurrection of the Chief Secretary's Notes, and the issue of a General Secretary's Column. There is little question that both Colonel Holland and Brigadier Jacobs will be read with profit in print, just as they are regarded with interest in person.

And Terrestrial.

As for Territorial Topics, they will continue as opportunity affords, but while serving occasionally for the unimpaired of more important matters, will chiefly concern themselves with general comments on the war and all that pertains to it. The actual progress, the proffered opportunities, the palpable neglect of the battle field, will furnish the text upon which this column will in future endeavor to hold forth. And more! It will be observed that the word "Territorial" has been added to the word "Terrestrial." By this it is intended to convey that a wider range of subjects is to be introduced, and that the world at large is to provide the writer with themes for encouragement, for council, and for caution. The difficulties and discouragements of one territory are often met by the triumphs of another.

Harvest Festival.

The Harvest Festival is the question of the moment demanding the attention and renewed effort of every officer and soldier under the flag. For myself, I have little fear as to the result. Never was there a more beautiful, more loyal, and more united spirit among us, and there is certain to be a pull together, long, strong, and triumphant. Next week I hope to speak of the Provincial Targets and refer to last year's accomplishments.

The Social Sack.

Here, however, I must refer to the newest addition in the shape of the Social Sack. Now our Farm Colony is well off, and giving such promise of success, it is certain that the farmers of Canada will be glad to show their interest in it in some practical way. To afford such opportunity, and to help us with our struggle to save and uplift the poor of Canada, by transferring them ultimately from her cities to land of their own, we propose to endeavor to in-

augurate a new order of farmers, to be called "The First Fruit Farmers." Such will be pledged to set apart a small portion of their first-fruits each year to feed Lazarus, or help the system that lifts him out of his dilemma. As a reminder we shall distribute among them neatly designed little sacks, called the "Social Sack." These will be made to contain one bushel of grain, and the farmer will be urged to fill them with any kind he finds possible, wheat, oats, peas, and corn being preferred. The sacks will be gathered and exhibited at the barracks, after which the Commandant will purchase them from the Captain for the farm, thus crediting the corps with their value to the Harvest Festival returns. Now, comrades of all ranks, here is, I feel sure, a splendid scheme; will you take it up and push it with all your mental vigor?

Chief Secretary's NOTES.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY has been called upon to take part in the resurrection—not the resurrection of the saints—but of the Chief Secretary's Notes. He therefore makes his little bow and presents his compliments to War Cry readers throughout the Dominion. They occupy a warm place in his heart. To them he feels like saying, with the Irishman: "May you live to see the chicken that scratches the top of your grave." Enough, however, of the introduction.

TWO THINGS are uppermost in our minds just now:

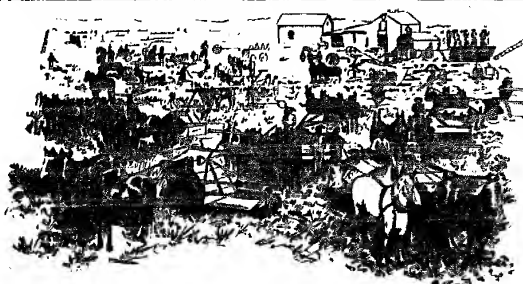
1. The Commandant's departure, and 2. The Harvest Festival. There is always a "vacant chair" feeling in our hearts when the Commandant is away. We should be much better pleased if he could be with us always. That, however, is impossible. A thousand duties call him to every part of the country. Thank God, there is none of the ease-loving Christian about him. He is ever willing to sacrifice his own feelings in the interest of the work. One thing consoles us: he has left Mrs. Booth behind. Her counsel and help can always be relied on.

AS FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL, our brains are full of it. Major Road's department is a hive of industry. Letters of instruction, appeals, dodgers, and social sacks abound everywhere. The Provincial Secretaries, too, are no less active. From all accounts the effort this year is to be

A Record-Breaker.

Each one has determined to outstrip his neighbor. Who will come out on top as yet remains to be seen. Brigadier Scott carried off the prize last year, and won the three-eyed peacock's feather. Rumor hath it that he is after it again. Will he secure it? We shall see. Meanwhile, get ready for some surprises.

AMONG OTHER THINGS upon which the Commandant has set his heart is the development to the fullest extent of our possibilities in the States of Montana and North Dakota. As yet we have only five corps in these vast and flourishing territories.



An early morning start on a Manitoba farm—Now for the H.F.

Then there are the unopened towns of the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia. Our Western Provincials are each anxious to distinguish themselves by extending the operations of the Army of Blood and Fire, and are simply clamoring for reinforcements in the shape of capable officers, to enable them to do it. In answer to their urgent appeals, the Commandant has decided on a number of transfers from Ontario, and among the officers decided upon are Ensign X— and Capt. Y—; others are to follow. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not," etc.

NOW, THE DECISION to draw officers from already over-powered Ontario has caused a fluttering of feathers among the Provincial Secretaries: not one of them, of course, has a single individual to spare, and on female officers there is a special premium. Is it any wonder? If wonder there is, it should be that the Army is able to stand the many demands on its resources. Female officers, not only by the outnumbering of officers, but by the ever-widening circle of usefulness which the Army is opening up in its social and other work—all this makes it exceedingly difficult for the Commander-in-Chief to keep the supply equal to the demand; indeed, this is not done, for the demand is ever increasing. Happily, our Macedonian cry for assistance has reached the ears of the Foreign Secretary, who, with warm regard for the Canadian portion of the universe, has generously offered the assistance of a dozen female officers from England. Needless to say, the Commandant accepted the offer, and an electric despatch announces the fact that the party will sail for Canada during the present month. We predict for them a hearty Canadian welcome, and a bright and successful career. Three cheers for the Hallelujah Lassies!

MAJOR STREETON, who is visiting the Old Country, calls for Canada on the 27th instant. Mrs. Streeton has had rather an anxious time with the children during his absence.

MISFORTUNE has overtaken poor Captain McGill, one of the best known field officers in the Northwest. A few days ago he received the sad intelligence of his father's death through being gored to death by his own bull. Our sincere sympathies are with the Captain, who must return home to garner the season's crops.



SERGEANT-MAJOR and MRS. SMITH, of Warville, who held the first prize for two years without a miss. Fire a volley.

The Lassies' Brass Band.

BERLIN.—We have just had a splendid week-end. The Lassies' Brass Band was with us. On Saturday night, as the band marched to the open-air, the crowds on the streets seemed to be amazed, and looked as though they had never seen it on that fashion before. A great crowd gathered at the open-air, the inside meeting was grand. Sunday meetings responded, good crowds. Lassies played well, everybody seemed delighted with the music. At night two precious souls at the Saviour's feet. All glory be to the King of Kings.—Captain W. Orchard.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

London to farewell THE GENERAL for Africa, Australia, and India, on August 5th, at the Alexandra Palace. THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF held anniversary campaign at the Congress Hall.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER is much better. She was at Brighton Congress Hall for Anniversary Sunday.

Called away: The eldest and beloved daughter—Gertrude—of our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Heywood Smith, at the age of 24 years. "There was a long illness, but a sweet finish."

DENMARK.

The scene of THE GENERAL'S campaign changed from Stockholm to Copenhagen. 200 men and women seek salvation. Important social for the first time in the shape of a large block of buildings purchased for a shelter. There is an S. A. Steam Laundry in Stockholm.

HOLLAND.

Great National field day. At the first shot from the cannon, all the troops united at the station to receive Colonel and Mrs. Oliphant. The second cannon boom was heard, the flag was hoisted, and all marched to a big platform, where nearly 500 persons could find seats.

At half-past ten a large holiness meeting, led by the Colonel, with two other big meetings on at the same time, led by Major Schuch and Staff-Capt. Dewilde (the Central D. O.) respectively. The 8,000 holiness congregation paid unwavering attention. Mrs. Oliphant, for the first time for two months, appeared in public. She could only say a few words, but they were full of piercing power. Souls at the penitent-form.

Musical Festival, banquet and grand march past.

ITALY.

Major Malan reports that his mother has recovered from the recent attack made upon her by "roughs." "Hard, but brave fight," is how our Italian Major describes the present state of the war in North Italy.

NORWAY.

Property purchased in Christiania as a Food and Shelter to accommodate 160 men.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Staff-Captain Pearce is promoted Major, and sent from England to succeed Brigadier Clibborn.

AUSTRALIA.

Brigadier Jeffries, on his visit to the newly opened corps at Bowen, Queensland, received a most enthusiastic welcome. The town built, of some eighteen performers, met him at the station, and at the night meeting crowds of notabilities assembled in the packed hall, a bank manager keeping the door!

AFRICA.

Ensign Webb, of the "Lances" Garrison, Cape Town, South Africa, who now sells 1,612 copies of the Cry weekly, the highest number at present sold by any single corps, challenges any corps in any territory in the world to wrest the championship from her. England, America, Canada, Australia, please note!

INDIA.

It is getting to be the common thing in Ceylon for the Magistrate to sentence offenders to a month in the Salvation Army Prison-Gate Home.

Adjutant and Mrs. Genies, from Bombay, left for London, on account of Mrs. Genies' health.

HAWAII.

A Salvation Army meeting in the jail at Hilo, Hawaii, resulted in the conversion of the jailer, a female prisoner and a blind man!

The first Hawaiian Candidate's forms have arrived at Headquarters.

The Candidate is a native born of German-American parents, and speaks the native language. May there be many to follow!

BRITISH GUIANA.

Adjutant Widgery has sworn in forty-six more soldiers. They get Portuguese, Creoles, Coolies and English converts.

OUR PRINTING DEPARTMENT, In Britain.

The Army Again Vindicated.

The Printers' Federation, having renewed their ill-advised attack upon the Army's Printing Department, Colonel Bremner thought it best to sanction an independent investigation of the matter. A deputation from the London Trades' Council undertook this duty, and have issued the subjoined declaration:

[Copy.]

LONDON TRADES' COUNCIL.

East Temple Chambers, 2, Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C., July 5, 1894.

F. A. Bremner, Esq.

Dear Sir,—The result of the Enquiry by the Printing Trades' Group was submitted to our Executive last night, and the resolution which I append herewith was adopted.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) GEORGE SHIPTON, Secretary.

P.S.—You can use this in any way you think fit.

"That the Printing Trades' Group of this Council, after investigating the wages and conditions of employment in that industry by the Salvation Army, having reported that they are convinced that there is no foundation to the statements made against the Salvation Army, this Executive determine not to take any part in the demonstration of the Printing Trades' Federation on Sunday next, and that the result be sent to all persons desirous to speak who are members of this Council."

After this, it is not surprising that the Hyde Park Demonstration (?) came to naught.

Our Mail Bag.

FROM PORTLAND, Oregon, an Auxiliary, who has recently visited Hong Kong, says:

"They (a mission flying Army colors) are really doing a good work, according to the book they have in which they enrol soldiers. I think they must have about twenty or thirty on the rolls. Hong Kong is a very large naval and military station, and hundreds of merchant vessels, both steam and sail, are continually in and out of the port. There is a C.E. Seamen's Mission that is doing a very good work, but outside of that there is very little effort put forth in order to seek and save the lost. Some of the church people think the S. A. is not wanted there, but I do, and did presume to differ with them, at the same time explaining that the S. A. always carries a blessing with it for the Church, for it fires up and sharpens dull church members, and increases membership, besides seeking and saving the so-called dregs of humanity."

Wanted—MEN! Men in whom God dwells. Are you one? Will you volunteer for this new field, which, by the providence of God, is being forced upon the Army?

—

Charlottetown.

Lieutenant is a great War Cry seller. Sold 83 outside, and 80 at the door this, or rather last, week. "We are booming the Cry as well as we can, and expect to be able to sell out our 800 a week. I think this week's number exceptionally good."

—

ITHIEL GALT.

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Spokane.

AN ARTICLE like the Commandant's "The Prophet's Duty," takes A1, and has gained many friends right here.

Keep believing for more Bible read-

ings from the Commandant, "Major.—Ed.

—

Spokane.

YOU ARE DOING all right with our Cry. She's taking well here, and more power to you.

The next idea is to increase its sales, or sell it. Mission and this Spokane should sell more. F.E.S.

—

OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT at Victoria says the people were very pleased with the issue of the paper with the pictures of the Shelter, and bought it well. The Cry of June 22nd was greatly in demand, there being a song inserted to the tune of "Two little girls in blue," which was sung no less than ten times that week. Comrades! send more songs to the popular tunes of the day.—Ed.

—

MAJOR STREETON says: "I was to return by the 'Hogartian,' July 18th, but owing to four days' meetings, conducted by the General, and three of those days special Staff Councils, I am detained, and shall not be able to leave Liverpool until the 26th of July, by the 'Numidian.' Welcome home, Major.—Ed.

—

SEVEN YEARS AGO Bro. Donegar, now of the Coal and Wood Yard, Toronto, recently of the Hindleigh Farm Colony, England, was a soldier in the Queen's Army. "Nobby Clark," of the Royal Engineers, was a fellow soldier, and he is now a letter to Donegar, after being seven years out of each other's ken:

"Dear Sam,—I was at a dear Christian friend's house the other day, when I chanced to notice on the table a copy of All the World. Curiosity prompted me to open it, and about the first page opened by me I noticed your dear, old face. I was very pleased, indeed, to hear that you had reformed. It seems hardly true, Sam, that you should have changed so. Well, thank God, you have, old chap, and very pleased I was to hear it, and I read the few words about you, and then I said to my future wife, 'Why, that is Sam Donegar, an old chap I must write to him.' Ah, Sam, many a day's pack have we done together, and now, to think you are on the right road! Well, old chap, I have reformed to a certain extent, I mean a socialist, and all the rest, and once professed Christianity, but I fell, old chap. Well, I hope, if this letter reaches you safe, and I should have one from you, and answer it, I may be able to say, as I did for a short time, 'It is well.' Now, old chap, good-by. All good wishes to you, from an old chum, "NOBBY CLARK."

—

GRAND BANK.—We can report a week of victory. We are rising like the tide. Sunday, God came. At the night meeting, when the offer was given, TWO came out and got blessed. Saved.—Captain D. Moulton, Lieut. Green.

MORTON'S HARBOR.—After spending a little over ten months among the dear people of Dildo, farewell orders came for this place. Found the people here very lovingly engaged in the fishery. Am going to throw the net over the right side.—Captain Mercer.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—CAPT. PUGH AND WIFE with us for Saturday and Sunday. FIVE DEAR SOULS knelt at Jesus' feet, four for pardon and one for the blessing. God is indeed with us. The people of Yarmouth are feeling the weight of their sins.—Captain Jones, for Ensign Des Brisay.

CHANNEL.—It was three o'clock in the morning when we arrived. We found his estate majesty ruling this part of the island, and so off came our coats to do what we could against him. Since we have been here FOUR SOULS have come to God and got liberated.—Jas. James, Cadet.

CARBONELL.—Saturday night we welcomed Cadet Ford to this place. He had to travel 100 miles over land and water to get here. To-morrow night will be another welcome to our brand new D. O. Ensign Crickston. While out visiting three miles in the country at Victoria village, we had the pleasure of pointing a real, old, hardened sinner to Jesus. He poured out a complaint of 70 years' wrong-doing, and Jesus freely took him in. Halilejah!—Captain Geo. Thompson.

THE LATEST!



The General in Scandinavia.

General's Scandinavian Campaign a huge success. At Copenhagen great gatherings and multitudes of conversions. Christiania, splendid beginning National Councils. Two great days in open-air. First day tremendous march, thousands on streets, magnificent welcome meetings Weevil open-air theatre. Second day, three glorious meetings great natural amphitheatre. Three thousand present night; sixty souls for day.

The Chief-of-the-Staff in London, Eng.

Chief of the Staff at Clifton, Congress Hall, London. Great victories. Midnight meetings and marches. Our criminals, a West-End swell, ten other sinners cry for mercy at a London street corner; sixty-six at the mercy-seat.

The Pacific Provincial Secretary's Tour.

Major Friedrich at Victoria, B.C.—Big reception—monster open-air—welcome banquet—two souls. Edgemoor and Cadet Maria forewelled for Helena, Montana.—Everybody best of spirits.

The O.S.C. Investigation Party.

Rooming reception at Fort William. Everybody delighted with words of cheer and good-will. Port Arthur next. Captain and Mrs. Elliott, and corps, at depot. Commandant introduced the visitors in brief, open-air meeting. Everybody wished them Godspeed. E.O.J.

LIBEL ACTION AGAINST THE BRITISH "WAR CRY." Claim for Damages, \$10,000.

Toward the end of May last, the Chief of the Staff visited Chatham. In the War Cry's report of the Chief's meetings, the following reference to a popular resort was made:—

"But there is in Chatham, as elsewhere, an appalling degree of public apathy on the drink and prostitution matters, and while we sleep the enemy is making progress, threatening his way by newer and more refined tactics. I consider, for example, that what are described as 'Winter Gardens,' near to Military Road, are clever death-traps to the morals of the young of Chatham than a score of drinking saloons of the 'Duchess of Edinburgh' type, and now it is tolerated, with two flaming saloons on the opposite side, is more than I can understand."

To this the proprietor of the "Winter Gardens" took exception, and have entered an action for libel in the British High Court of Justice against the General and Colonel Bremner, with a claim for damages, \$10,000.

JUBAL'S BRIGADE.

These comrades are meeting Madmen and success everywhere along the tour. At WOLFVILLE the Methodist church vestry was lent. At HANTS-FOOT the nice hall given gratis, and a drum loaned by the local band. At Glenhouse, also, the church was loaned. At WINDSOR we are sorry to find the English and the little ones had been sick. At BERTWICK two ministers assisted. Two souls. At Brightown a good meeting in the Victoria Hall.



CHAPTER IV.

"The younger son gathering together and took his journey into his country."

WITH MY HEAD ON HIS BREAST. "DEAR," I told my father "the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth." I told him I was doing no better, and he was not doing any better. I was too, long before I got through he knelt and prayed for and me.

After that he let me out, a begged to go back to college, but would not hear of it, said the

Force of Companionship.

was too much for me. I work the art school a little while, to my time, till one day he called into his office, and turning his round on the pivot, he paused and, then asked, solemnly, "Dad, what am I going to do?"

"Father, I don't know." I repeated the rest of the family did not in my repentance, although just as I was doing as well as I knew. He told me some advised him to me, but he didn't want to do so—he would like to give me a chance, but it was no good for me remain at home, just putting it time. He said he had been pleased with God on my behalf, and he said he would help me. One of his brothers was out in Canada, had decided to give me a chance, and sent me out.

SO I LEFT MY HOME IN BOULDER, SCOTLAND and sailed for Canada. Father bought me my outfit, and a few pounds in my pocket. I got home, with many promises from father, when he kissed me affectionately as I left the station. (Oh, oh, he was changed when saw him once more!)

Only Nineteen, and an Outfit.

From home, I felt myself, as I stepped back in my seat in the train, pulled down the blind.

On the steamer I acted the Pharisee of goodness, kept away bad company, and reproved as I heard swearing. Afterwards, o-



I MUST HAVE LOOKED A WILD WOOLLY SPECIMEN OF THE WILDERNESS

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N AGAINST
"WAR CRY."
ages, \$10,000.

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BRIGADE.

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THIRTY-TWO
Two souls. At
meeting in the



SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODICAL.

A Serial Story.

CHAPTER IV.

"The younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country."

WITH MY HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER, I told my father that time "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I told him I DID mean to do better, and he a nobler lad. The old man was weeping, too, long before I got through, and he knelt and prayed for and with me.

After that he let me out, and I begged to go back to college, but he would not hear of it, said the

Force of Companionship

was too much for me. I worked in the art school a little while, to put in my time, till one day he called me into his office, and turning his chair round on the pivot, he pressed a mor- at, and then asked, solemnly and sadly:

"Bob, what am I going to do with you?"

"Father, I don't know," I replied. Then he went on to tell me that the rest of the family did not believe in my repentance, although just then I was doing as well as I knew how. He told me some advised him to turn me out, but he didn't want to do that—he would like to give me another chance, but it was no good for me to remain at home, just putting in my time. He said he had been pleading with God on my behalf, and he felt sure He would help me. One of my brothers was out in Canada, so he had decided to give me another chance, and sent me out.

SO I LEFT MY HOME IN BONNIE SCOTLAND and sailed for Canada. Father bought me my outfit, and with a few pounds in my pocket I said goodbye, with many promises to my father, when he kissed me affectionately as I left the station.

(But, oh, he was changed when I saw him once more!)

Only Nineteen, and an Outcast

from home, I felt myself, as I leaned back in my seat in the train, and pulled down the blind.

On the steamer I acted the very Parson of goodness, kept away from bad company, and reproved anyone I heard swearing. Afterwards, out in



"I MUST HAVE LOOKED A WILD AND WOOLLY SPECIMEN OF THE WEST."

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

the West, I could scarcely speak a sentence without swearing. God forgotten, and my poor, old father's counsel forgotten.

I went straight to CALGARY. We were snowed up two days on the way, snowed up on the North Shore. In Alberta I found my brother, found he had learnt to swear like the rest. God was not taken into account there. All thoughts of Him shrank out of my life. As the name of God was struck out of the statute books of France, so it was left out of all reckoning on our ranch, except when it was taken in vain.

Within six months of my arrival I had the hardest name of any one in that part for swearing. I became so foul-mouthed, and I scarcely wrote home at all to my father, in spite of my promises.

That was in 1887. There I lived ON THE ROLLING PRAIRIE, amidst the poplar blocks, and the swampy lakes, and thousands of cattle.



"I WINTERED WITH THE INDIANS."

The first job I was set to was making tea and cooking for the rest—of course there was no woman on the ranch.

My brother kept a stopping-place on the prairie trail. There the stage-drivers would call, come up and remain down, between Calgary and Edmonton, stabling the horses, and paying fifty cents for every meal. We made money there. All supplies and people came past our place, every living soul of them. Thirty or forty carts would come along—two-wheeled carts, with half-breeds, or Indians. They pitched their tents and rolled themselves into their blankets. In the distance there we could see the snow-capped Rockies.

I remember how the incessant croaking of the frogs

impressed me on the prairies first, especially in the evenings, whilst I stayed at home to keep house, cooking, milking the cows, setting the milk to skin, putting up meat for the travellers, bacon and beans—Boston style—baking the bread, or rounding in the cattle. My brother had twenty or thirty head, and five or six milch cows.

Then I rode the cayuse, or Indian pony, leaping on its back without a saddle, and no hat, and tearing off across the prairie, over the beautiful green grass and the wild flowers.

And the cayuses, as they called the prairie wolves, lots of them—how they did howl! What a change, from my father's silver and wedgewood, to those tin plates and iron spoons. But

I got properly broken in. I didn't care. I treed a lynx once, saw it up in the forks of two trees, wondered what it was, and climbed up after it. When I got near, however, and saw the size of it, and heard it spit and growl, I began to wish I'd left it alone. I killed it, however, and took it home—much to my brother's surprise.

After a while I FELL OUT WITH CHARLIE, and went off to another man, a Frenchman, and hired with him at a trading-post on the Red Deer River. A trading-post generally consists of a few settlers' houses, and a store where they kept beads, calico, knives, powder and shot, blankets, rifles, etc., to trade off with the Indians for furs, etc.

I hired with that French Canadian to cook. He was boarding some of the Mounted Police. I stayed two months with him, till a couple of Indians came along to trade furs. I had

Read Fenimore Cooper's Novels,

and got quite an interesting idea of the noble red man. I had picked up quite a few words of the Cree language, too.

No I addressed them politely:—"Tans! keshamatchahoon anooch ka klesnig?" (How are you to-day?) But all the fellow did was to stare at me! At last, however, by the help of a half-breed interpreter, I gave them to understand I should like to accompany them back to their settlement. They agreed, on condition I provided my own provisions and found my way back. But they pointed to the sky, that was quite clear but for a few clouds, then, with signs and gestures to the effect that there would be snow before night.

it, we put on every bit of clothing we could muster—no undressing to go to bed, thank you, in an Indian camp! I went hunting and shooting prairie chickens in the day, and at night I would lie and rub my toes, with the cold, and pray for the morning.

I had put all my supplies of food in the general pile at first, and that seemed to win their confidence, and after that we shared alike, whether we had much or whether we had little.

There in those dismal days

I Lost all Count of Time.

I did think of God a great deal. I got so homesick, and so heart-sick, no books, no letters, nothing shut off from all communication, I used to lie and cry, and cry, thinking of home and father.

One day those Indians called the sacred day, Armahay Kiseegan, but the only sign of religion I saw amongst them was when the half-breed would take a handful of meal and throw it up into the air to the Great Spirit, Keechee Manitou. But they were terribly superstitious about ghosts. The aurora borealis they call "manitok cheepie," "THE DANCING SPIRIT." They think it is caused by the re-appearance of their departed forefathers, dancing in the sky.

March they call the "CRACK-STICK MONTH," because the cold makes the branches crack and crack. April is the "FROG-MONTH," because the frogs begin to sing. (To be continued.)

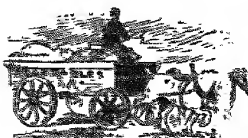
Encamped Near Griffiths' Corners.

AN ARMY CAMP MEETING was held in a grove near Griffiths' Corners, in Adams County, Washington. About twenty soldiers from Voohees outpost were in attendance, under the leadership of Sergeant A. Bradley. Soldiers were also present from other places, and all went to work with a will for the salvation of souls.

It was very hard, however, to reach the people, as there had been so many quarrels and disputes over religious matters that outsiders became disgusted, while some professors had even gone back to the "beggarly elements of this world." The meeting lasted over Sunday. Two souls were saved, and six sought the blessing of sanctification and were satisfied. Encampment was pleasant, and informed the outpost people that an officer would be sent there as soon as one could be found. The design made a good many friends while here, and a collection was taken up to pay his expenses. We consider the meeting a grand success. J.S.S.

ST. JOHN III.—This is our special month of soul-saving. God has honored us with TWO SOULS, who sought salvation. On Thursday night we had a united meeting. L. A. L. R. A. R. G. Band to the front, also the welcome meeting of our G. R. M. Captain and Mrs. Fuch. God bless them in their union.—J. R. McPherson, Local.

MONCTON, N. B.—SEVEN SOULS last week, six at the meetings, one while visiting. Two of these souls especially need our prayers and sympathy. They were respectively the mother and wife of a poor man who was drowned last Monday morning, and who, we fear, met his God in an unprepared state. God is saving souls in the district. The volunteers of N. B. have been in camp at Sussex, and SEVEN SOULS have been sent away with glad hearts over seas forever. Capt. Rogers is having souls, and I had the pleasure of enrolling three of them last Thursday night.—Benjamin Bradley.



SUPPLIES FOR THE HANOVER FAIR.

Our Perplexed Column.

I would like your advice on my case. I am a soldier of Parrishboro' corps. I work as a clerk in a boot and shoe store, having very little chance of getting any exercise while keeping the books and waiting upon customers. As I have been advised by doctors to take plenty of exercise, I have joined a gymnasium for the sole purpose of physical exercise and development. I let it in no way interfere with my meetings, and take no part in public exhibitions. Since joining, I feel better than I have for some time, and feel that it is very beneficial to me, but as two of my comrades object to my going to the gymnasium on the ground that it is mixing up with the ungodly too much, I thought I would ask your advice. Our officers, comrades (excepting those two), and D. O.'s have heard of my case, and think I have taken a good course. I myself feel not the slightest condemnation, also would at once give it up.

ALBERT.

ALBERT:—Your position as a Salvation Army Soldier commits you to a life fully consecrated to Christ, which life should be exhibited to the world in continued endeavor to uplift your fellowmen. With this aim in view, you will probably see that it is not expedient to put in your time at the gymnasium. Your duties and opportunities as a soldier furnish you with all the exercise you need. Then there are the poor to whom you are specially sent. Are there no poor, old widows whose gardens you could till, and so procure them supplies for winter? There are many plans which will doubtless present themselves to your mind by which you can not only get the requisite bodily exercise without harm, but can do direct good to others at the same time. Till you think of better ones, (1) try an early morning walk in the fields for prayer and communion. Take a big type testament to read and pray over. (2) Storm the saloons and public resorts with War Cry.

USEFUL INFORMATION
FOR
OFFICERS and SOLDIERS.

Domestic Tit-Bits.

What should I do when my dress or coat gets marked or stained?
Four boiling water over some lump ammonia (not too strong), or buy a little liquid ammonia, and put half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful of water, and sponge or rub the stains. This is also good for removing the shine from clothing.

If I am caught in the rain, how should I save my bonnet from spoiling?

Directly you get in, slip a piece of clean paper under the band, to keep the blue from running into the red. Then stand the bonnet on a table flat on the crown, and smooth out the strings and spread them to dry.

If the bonnet is soaked and dripping, take the band right off and pin it full stretch out on a wall or table, so that it may dry smoothly.

If you want to clean your shirt, take the silk off and rub well with coal oil; then iron, and leave in the air to remove smell. Paint the straw with Brunswick black, diluted with turpentine, or with satin polish. A little gum and ink will also freshen up straw for a time.

Never wet your silk or strings before ironing. It spoils them.

If your cap looks faded, sponge with ammonia and water, in proportions as mentioned above. Have a new band occasionally.

Hat or bonnet bands can be cleaned by sponging and rubbing with benzine.

THE VERY, VERY LATEST.

Major Read writes:—

"July 24, 1895.

"Dear Editor:—
"God has given us a darling, strong, little, lassy babe. Is not the Lord GOOD?"

J. READ.

"P.S.—Mrs. Read doing fairly well."



LONDON.—We are still in CLEVELAND, having good times. We are spending this Saturday night at No. 11, corps. This is the corps of the city, under command of Captains Kenyon and Tanner, two of the oldest and best officers of the British.

We held a grand open-air, assisted by No. 11, Brass Band, indeed a credit to the city. Inside we had a full house, which means about four hundred people. The meeting was one long to be remembered. Capt. Kenyon asked for a collection, and placed her target at \$10, which in seven minutes was accomplished.

Sunday morning, BRIGADIER COUSINS, the Ohio staff, and the Naval Brigade. Held a grand holiness convention, and we left this morning.

Like Giants Refreshed.

In the afternoon we met at NO. IV, some miles to the west, and held grand open-air and inside meetings. At night again, STREETS BLOCKED and traffic stopped. Here and there we can hear them asking, "Who are they? Where are they from? What does it mean?" And to all this we can say, "They are the Salvation Marines," the wonders of the day. After a good march we reached the hall. Every seat was taken up, and the crowd stood on the sidewalk until the police had to clear the people away.

Oh, for larger halls and more time. From the commencement of this meeting there was a power that is not of man, a stillness. Oh, for more of

That Stillness of God!

At the close of this meeting we had the joy of seeing sinners weep their way to Calvary. Nine precious souls brought to the kingdom.

One of these, a bright young man, emptied his pockets of THE TRASH OF SIN. Out came the tobacco and cigars, and to cap it all, a quart bottle of whiskey. This is only one of the sights of its sort. But I can assure you we have seen

'Who Goes There?'

SPARKS FOR SPOKANE.

A halcyon printer, with a box of envelopes for the new Headquarters. God bless him. He only charged us four bits for the lot.

John Chinnaman, with two baskets of vegetables on a pole over his shoulder, to sell us something fresh, and nice—very cheap.

Capt. Ramadell and Lieut. Ziebarth, with their weekly reports, who say they had a good time on the Fourth. Ice cream and glory, and a good crowd.

U. S. mail man next, with new War Cry and letter from Great Falls, from the Captain, who says someone broke into their quarters while they were away to council at Helena and stole all their money. God save the mean winner who would be so vile as to steal God's holy money. What will he have to say at the judgment bar of God?

W. U. Telegraph boy with a telegram. I won't say what it was, but I wouldn't be writing this if I hadn't seen him.

A man with a wagon load of fur-

many, many of these sights since we left dear, old Toronto.

We were to leave on Monday, but, owing to the Adjutant being somewhat under the weather, and the clouds in the distance, although small, saving the appearance of a great storm, it was thought wisest to stay another day in Cleveland.

This gave the boys a rest, and on Tuesday morning we left for BLENHEIM. Here we spent one night. Next morning bright and early we were off again for ASHTABULA.

Here there appeared to have been some mistake. We were announced for the 19th, 20th, 21st, and arrived on the 17th. Even with all this, we had grand meetings, big crowds, outside and in, and all went with a swing.

We left Ashtabula for a week in Canada. We arrived in ST. THOMAS. Here we were blessed with

A Heavy Downpour

of rain. We are now in LONDON, and pray that our stay here will be one of great blessing to all.

J. V. AMES, S. C.

Lines written and presented with a bouquet of June flowers to the officers and crew of the S. A. yacht, in Goderich Harbor, 16th June, 1895:—
"Thy yacht is welcome to Huron's pride—
Goderich, on proud Lake Huron's side;
With banner unfurled to wave o'er men,

That those in sin may be born again
Of the Spirit that strengthens the good
With true faith in God's heavenly food,
The Gospel that with undying light
Turns to early dawn the darkest night;
Make thy anchor safe in every port,
To draw men's souls to the Saviour's court."

ELOISE A. SKINNINGS.
Composer of "National" March.

ature, etc., called one day. And now our quarters look like a quarters. Two good desks, letter press (not the patent one whose cut was in last week's Cry), tables, chairs, etc., etc., and a cart for Otto.

That's enough figures. But the postman called again, and brought more papers and letters, with P. O. orders and drafts on San Francisco, and New York, and Spokane, to pay for their War Cry and goods.

A reckless man got in a kind of a barrel and slid down a long log on the fourth of July, to amuse a lot of pleasure seekers, when the barrel jumped from the stile and almost killed the poor man.

(Make a picture of a sluice going down hill into a lake, and barrel jumped off into the air.)
(Haven't time, Ensign, leave it to "fertile imaginations.")—Ed.

F. E. S.

A WIRE CREATES A SENSATION.

INGERSOLL.—Hustle, hustle, and change has for some time been the order of things, and now, to crown all, comes a "wire" from the Commandant for our beloved officers, Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, to farewell on Sunday. However, like the brave, unselfish warriors they have proved themselves to be, off they go to their new command, "Peterboro", smiling cheerily. Their stay in Ingersoll has been one of arduous toil. They carry with them the respect and best wishes of every class of the community.—Minnie Kennedy.

Field Officers' Column.
ENSIGN GALT

"Visiting."

The Editor has asked for a few lines on the subject of visiting.

Being naturally of a shy temperament, I am afraid I have not always been so aggressive on this line as I ought to have been; but still I have endeavored to do my very best in my different stations. I may possibly be able to give a hint or two that will help some comrade entering up on the battlefield.

Have Love.

I think that one of the most important things in visiting is to make the people feel that you really love them and sympathize with them. This is absolutely necessary to success. If we are reserved and cold in manner, we will chill those we long to bless.

Tact.

Tact, too, is almost indispensable, and, as I have been told before coming into Army warfare, that I was lacking in this characteristic, have prayed for it, and would advise any comrade to do the same. We must always remember that we can't deal with everyone alike, and this discernment, and also much, only wisdom.

Go Quickly.

I think we should immediately hunt up anyone who seems down-hearted or discouraged; a word then will do them more good than, really, down visits, perhaps, at another time. If any comrade you hear is a little wrong over anything, go to them at once, even if it is late and one feels tired. It is best to go, and sometimes dangerous to wait till the next day, as the devil may get a tremendous advantage, even in a few hours.

Be Straight.

Always let us be straight in dealing with people, but oh, let us deal in love. When we look at ourselves, I think we are more apt to have patience with and compassion for others. It is easy to wound and break hearts, but sometimes desperately hard to bind them up; easy to push a discouraged soul to the wall, but hard to lift him up again.

Be Brief.

Don't stay too long, because we lessen our influence, and sometimes do as much harm as good in this way. Besides, time is valuable, and we have no business to waste, either our own or other people's. Personally, I feel that visiting is one of the most important features of our work. There is nothing that can take the place of personal dealing—nothing. Being alive to the fact that I am not as successful a visitor as some others are, I felt a little bit like shifting the responsibility of writing on the subject upon somebody's else's shoulders, but yet, after all, God has greatly blessed me in this, as in other ways, and I attribute a great part of the victory He has given me to endeavoring to be faithful in visiting, as well as in the meetings and business portion of the work. That Jesus will help us more than ever to redeem the time, and to live to bless others, prays yours in His service,

E. GALT, Ensign.

A HOST OF VISITORS.

NEWCASTLE.—Our congregations are larger. On Wednesday we had with us Brother Tucker, and on Saturday Brother Storrie. Numbers all around will be well acquainted with these brothers. On Sunday, that wonderful Captain Fryer, who is following the advice sometimes given to young men, and going west. He was converted at the corps, and as a soldier for some time, and as a him. We also had with us Capt. L. Larder. Then again we had with us on Sunday Sergt. and Mrs. Logan, of Fredericton.—Charlie Reeves, 1. L. B.

—THE—
OVER-SEA-COLON

A SOCIAL CATECHISM

Copy of a Dispatch Received from the Corps by the Commandant.

By THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

14. But will not some of the agriculturalists, if they succeed on small piece of land, be anxious to obtain a larger portion?

Unquestionably; and where have proved their fitness and success in cultivating a small portion, there can be no objection to their having a large portion on conditions which will lead to their interest in parting and the community in general.

15. But is it not probable that many will be quite outside the Colony altogether, and take a free gift altogether, which they can from the Government?

I have no doubt they will, and they will succeed they will be themselves, gratify the Government, and make a way for some one else to fill their place in the Colony.

16. The last question suggests further enquiry as to what you have for expecting to receive the people on the Colony, having been at the expense bringing them; is it not probable that they will take the first opportunity of leaving you?

Well, it is tolerably certain that small proportion will prefer to their fortunes elsewhere, but of the only a slight percentage will go home having repaid all that we have expended upon them. For instance, they will have at least earned cost of their training before leaving England, and, in most cases, their outfit, and it is hardly probable that they will desert the settlement before having earned their passage money and all that has been expended upon them since landing, so that if they leave out of our debt they will be no particular loss to the colony, especially if they remain in

CHAPTER VI.

Economical Aspect.

1. But will not the working of the scheme be very costly?
It will certainly require a considerable outlay at the onset, especially if it is to be carried out on an extensive scale, but it will nevertheless prove it in the end, the most economical method, on the one hand to the British of helping the poor, and the other hand to the Colony in securing desirable emigrants. The purpose for which money is required is simply as capital.

2. How do you expect the people going to repay that which you expend upon them?

1. As has been said, the money expended upon them in London will largely be repaid before leaving.

2. The cost of outfit, if any, a passage money to the settlement will be entered upon them as a debt which will be repaid by the surplus of the earnings over the cost of their food and lodging.

3. When this has been repaid, surplus will be entered in their favor against furniture, cottage, and other things that they will require. On things will be the property until paid; after that, all transactions will be very much in cash or kind, so far as possible, being not only credited but disallowed.

4. Will you try to discourage the growth of the evil of borrowing the money, so prevalent in the colonies? In which case, would you proceed?

Certainly; and to accomplish this we should want all money lenders, their

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in a few hours.

alight.

straight in deal-
oh, let us deal in
k at ourselves, I
ant to have put
passion for others,
and break hearts,
merely hard to
y to push a dis-
be wait, but hard

rief.

ig, because we lo-
and sometimes do
good in this way,
able, and we have
e, either our own
Personally, I feel
it is so to be cured
scale, but it will
prove it in the end
the most economi-
method, on the one
Britain of helping
the poor, and on
the other hand to
the Colony in re-
curing desirable
purpose for which
money is required
is simply as capital.

2. How do you expect the people are
going to repay that which you
expend upon them?
1. As has been said, the money ex-
pended upon them in London will be
largely repaid before leaving.
2. The cost of outfit, if any, and
passage money to the settlement will
be entered upon them as a debt which
will be repaid by the surplus of their
earnings over the cost of their ra-
tions and lodging.
3. When this has been repaid, the
surplus will be entered in their favor
against furniture, cottage, and other
things that they will require. These
things will be the property until paid
for; after that, all transactions will
be very much in cash, and, I doubt
as far as possible, being not only dis-
credited but disallowed.

VISITORS.

Our congregations
unusually we had
laker, and in the
rio, Nunberg, and
I acquainted with
Sunday we had
tain Byers, who is
e sometimes given
going west. He
he corps, and as
time, and as a
with us Capt. L.
ne we had with us
and Mrs. Logan,
rie Reeves, L. A.

THE OVER-SEA-COLONY.

A SOCIAL CATECHISM.

Copy of a Despatch Received from the General
by the Commandant.

By THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

14. But will not some of the agricul-
turalists, if they succeed on a
small piece of land, be anxious to
obtain a larger portion?

Unquestionably; and where men
have proved their fitness and success
in cultivating a small portion, there
can be no objection to their having
a large portion on conditions which
will tend to their interest in particu-
lar and the community in general.

15. But is it not probable that many
will be quite outside the Colony
altogether, and take a free grant
anywhere, which they can get
from the Government?

I have no doubt they will, and if
they will succeed they will benefit
themselves, gratify the Government,
and make a way for some one else to
fill their place in the Colony.

16. The last question suggests the
further enquiry as to what ground
you have for expecting to retain
the people on the Colony after
having been at the expense of
bringing them; is it not probable
that they will take the first op-
portunity of leaving you?

Well, it is tolerably certain that a
small proportion will prefer to try
their fortunes elsewhere, but of these
only a slight percentage will go be-
fore leaving repaid all that we have
expended upon them. For instance,
they will have at least earned the
cost of their training before leaving
England, and, in most cases, their
outfit, and it is hardly probable that
they will desert the settlement be-
fore having earned their passage
money and all that has been expend-
ed upon them since landing, so that
if they leave out of our debt there
will be no particular loss to the Col-
ony, especially if they remain in it.

CHAPTER VI.

Economical Aspect.

1. But will not the working of this
scheme be very costly?

It will certainly require a consider-
able outlay at the onset, especially
if it is to be carried out on an exten-
sive scale, but it will nevertheless
prove it in the end the most economi-
cal method, on the one hand to Great
Britain of helping the poor, and on
the other hand to the Colony in re-
curing desirable emigrants. The chief
purpose for which money is required
is simply as capital.

2. How do you expect the people are
going to repay that which you
expend upon them?

1. As has been said, the money ex-
pended upon them in London will be
largely repaid before leaving.

2. The cost of outfit, if any, and
passage money to the settlement will
be entered upon them as a debt which
will be repaid by the surplus of their
earnings over the cost of their ra-
tions and lodging.

3. When this has been repaid, the
surplus will be entered in their favor
against furniture, cottage, and other
things that they will require. These
things will be the property until paid
for; after that, all transactions will
be very much in cash, and, I doubt
as far as possible, being not only dis-
credited but disallowed.

3. Will you try to discourage the
growth of the evil of borrowing
the money, so prevalent in new
countries? In which case, how
would you proceed?

Certainly; and to accomplish this
we should warn all money lenders, or
their agents, off the Colony, and ren-

Tune—"Thou Shepherd of Israel and
mine," S.A.M., Vol. I, No. 104.

Lord, fill me with all that is good,
And make me all glorious within;
Touch all I possess with Thy Blood,
And give me full victory over sin.
Life's out-of-sight stain may be deep,
But is there not cleansing for me?
Thy Image and Nature I seek,
Lord, make me as holy as Thee.

I know Thou hast pardoned the past,
And now, Lord, to Thee I belong;
To keep me well saved to the last,
Thy arm of salvation is strong.
In trouble, most precious Thou art,
My cares upon Thee I can roll;
Thy love is the joy of my heart,
Thy blood is the life of my soul.

Thy face to my spirit reveal,
In Thee, Lord, my soul doth delight;
Fill life me Thy presence to feel,
Thy smile makes life's darkest hours
bright.

Were crosses and losses my lot,
I love Thee too much to repine;
In Thee, Lord, a fortune I've got,
For all that Thou hast, Lord, is
mine.

THE LATE COL. PEARSON.

Tunes—"All things are possible to
Him," B.J., No. 56, 3; "Sovereign-
ty," B.J., No. 220, 1; "Stella," B.
J., No. 25, 3; "Euphony," B. J.,
No. 138, 1.

Jesus, I come just now to Thee,
Thy patient love has brought me
home;
Too long I've strayed with careless
feet
That loved in flowery paths to
roam;

But now by bitter taste I've learned
I need that grace I long have spurned.
Devils of doubt have gripped my soul
And eaten out my pure desires;
Outwardly careless, no one knew
My heart was seared with burning
fires.

Nothing was real and no one good—
I could not trust them when I would.
Shame and remorse would bid me
stray
And hold me back from seeking
Thee;

But, breaking through them, Lord, I
prayed
Oh, make me what I long to be;
Destroy this awful unbelief,
And from my bondage give relief.

Help me to conquer in the strife,
Triumphant over every ill;
The ruling passion of my life—
My meat and drink—to do Thy will
It shall be so. At any cost
In Thine my will henceforth is lost.

Tune—"Cleansing for me," B.J., 45, 2.

Wearied backslider, come now to the
Cross.
Come, come away!
All that has hindered you, count it
but dross,
Come, come away!

Stay not to parley with self or with
sin,
Jesus is bidding you salvation win;
Haste to the Fountain, oh, haste and
plunge in,
Come, come away!

Think of the time when the Saviour
you loved,
Think of it now!
Think, oh, how precious He then to
you proved,
Think of it now!

der transactions null and void so far
as we could.

CHAPTER VII.

The Advantages to the Coun-
try Selected for the Over-
Sea-Colony.

The world-wide publicity of the

Quench not the Spirit, its work let it
do,
Though it may cause you to bitterly
grieve
All the dark past, which you cannot
undo,
Come to Him now!

Lovingly Jesus, with arms wide out-
stretched,
Bids you now come!
He'll not upbraid, but will welcome
and bless.

He bids you come!
Whispers that heart of yours, "Can
it be true?
Can I again have the joy I once knew?
Lord, I surrender, in penitence true,
To Thee I come!"

Tune—"Numberless as the sands," B.
J., 106.

When the war has been ended forever,
And the Salvation Army we see,
As the numberless sands of the sea-
shore,
What a wonderful sight that will be.

Chorus.
Numberless as the sands on the sea-
shore,
Numberless as the sands on the sea-
shore;
Oh, what a sight 'twill be when the
Army we shall see,
Numberless as the sands on the sea-
shore.

The battalions from every nation,
Will be there at the last grand re-
view,
All who've fought to the end of the
battle,
Stood true to the Yellow, Red and
Blue.

As we march by the throne of the
Saviour,
To receive from His hand, our re-
ward;
We will all shout a loud "hallelujah!"
As we stand face to face with our
Lord.

Then enlist, while there's time, in the
Army,
Fight the fight over there wear-
ing the cross;
Bear the sword of the Spirit for the
Master,
Heeding not though the world on
you frown.

Tunes—Hamburg, or Boston, B.J. 197.

"And he shewed me a pure river
of water of life, clear as crystal,
proceeding out of the throne of God and
the Lamb."—Rev. xxi. 1.

There is a fountain, so pure and so
free,
Open to all who on Him will believe,
Open to all who will plunge in the
flow,
Come now, poor sinner, get washed
white as snow.

That fount was opened on dark Cal-
vary,
The debt was paid that we all might
be free;
Paid by the blood of our crucified
Lord.

Freedom from sin was for us then
procured.
See as He hangs there, the wounds in
His side,
Perced by the soldiers, our Lord they
despised;
Scorned and forsaken, rejected was
He;
Mocked at Him, jeered Him, this was
for Thee.

BRO. W. CLARKE.

scheme has created a world-wide
curiosity as to the country chosen for
the settlement, consequently, where-
ever the etc is announced, it will
secure publication in every newspaper
extant, and tend to create confidence
in that country, etc., etc.

(Continued.)

THE WAR CRY.

11



Press Pickings.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE HAMILTON TIMES, of July
10th, mentions that the War Cry con-
tained the photo of Mr. Nicholas
Davis, of that city, with an original
song composed by him.

THE GREAT FALLS, MONTANA,
LEADER states that while Captain
and Mrs. Gillette were out visiting,
a thief broke into the quarters and
stole \$40.

In the WINNIPEG DAILY TRIBUNE
we read that Major Bennett has left
for Neepawa to open a new day's
camp.

THE FREDERICTON FARMER, of
July 13th, contains a host of local
news about the S. A. including the
farewell meetings of Captain Byers,
who takes charge of Lippincott
Street, Toronto.

THE MANITOBA SEMI-WEEKLY
FREE PRESS, of July 11th, compli-
ments the Portage in Prairie com-
rades on their systematic manner of
conducting their camp meetings, and
spoke very favorably of the effort.
It is worthy of note that seven
papers quote from the Assistant Ed-
itor's recent War Cry de- scription of
Army work in London, Ontario.

THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS
for July 15th contains the photo and
a very accurate description of the
career and death of our dear, depart-
ed Major Jewer. We extend our hand
of fellowship towards the sympathiz-
ing editor of this most enterprising
and upright paper.



G. B. M. P. A. SCOBELL.

Limelight Views—"By George,
I Never"—Crowds.

After leaving St. Thomas, Captain
Scobell, the G. B. M. Provincial Agent,
journeyed on to Ridgeway, where a
good crowd of three or four hundred
stood as if spell-bound, while the
beautiful and impressive scenes were
thrown upon the canvas. One man
especially, who was never in an Army
meeting, was dumfounded. The fol-
lowing remark was made by some one
there: "By George, I never had any
idea the Army was doing such a work
as that." Higginote for the next
night; good time. Steinheim.—The
Captain did a good stroke here; en-
rolled an Auxiliary, broke the second
one for the week, and got several
donations, one man giving him \$5.
Saturday night, had quite an excit-
ing time. Went up to the station to
get some things which were needed.
Found that the trunk had not been
sent through from Fargo, but the
Captain was equal to the occasion;
hired a heavy rig, and went off to
Fargo. Made quick time and showed
up at an appreciative audience. Tibary
was the text place. It being Monday
night, stores were all closed, and very
few people about. Had a good crowd
and collection. Remington, Staples,
and Graham, all received a visit in
their order. Another Friday, is the
open-air a crowd of about three hun-
dred stood around, collection good—
J. Stevenson, Agent.

